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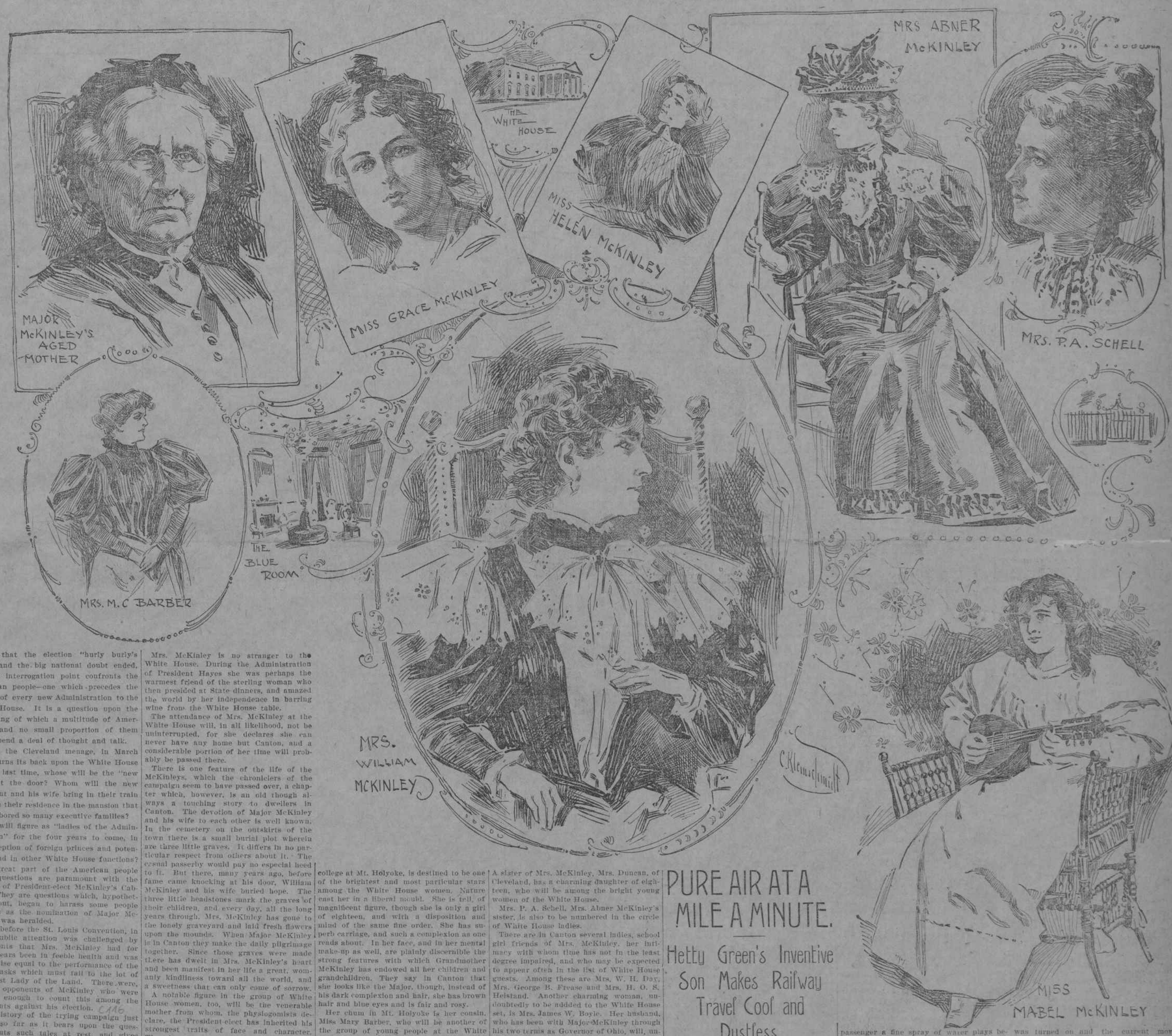
NEXT MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE AND THE WOMEN WHO WILL SURROUND HER.

Mr. McKinley's Aged Mother, His Charming Young Nieces and His Sister and His Sisters-in-Law, Who Will Make Up the Presidential Household of the Administration.



Now that the election "hurly burly's done" and the big national doubt ended, another interrogation point confronts the American people—one which precedes the advent of every new Administration to the White House. It is a question upon the answering of which a multitude of Americans, and no small proportion of them men, spend a deal of thought and talk.

When the Cleveland menage, in March next, turns its back upon the White House for the last time, whose will be the "new faces at the door? Whom will the new President and his wife bring in their train to share their residence in the mansion that has harbored so many executive families?

Who will figure as "ladies of the Administration" for the four years to come, in the reception of foreign princes and potentates and in other White House functions? To a great part of the American people these questions are paramount with the making of President-elect McKinley's Cabinet. They are questions which, hypothetically put, began to harass some people as soon as the nomination of Major McKinley was heralded.

Long before the St. Louis Convention, in fact, public attention was challenged by statements that Mrs. McKinley had for many years been in feeble health and was in no wise equal to the performance of the social tasks which must fall to the lot of the First Lady of the Land. There were, indeed, opponents of McKinley who were narrow enough to count this among the arguments against his election.

The history of the trying campaign just ended, so far as it bears upon the question, puts such tales at rest, and gives guarantee that she will be, in fact as in name, mistress of the White House, and that she will administer its offices herself.

The manner in which she withstood the trying ordeal of the campaign, with its multitudinous receptions and interminable hand-shaking, is eloquent of a vast amount of reserve strength. Add to the actual physical strain the worry of uncertainty, aggravated by the fact that she is, perhaps more than most women, wrapped up in her husband's success, and the endurance she has shown is little short of marvellous.

Viewed from the standpoint of social and intellectual fitness, there probably never was a woman called to reign over the White House who went to its difficult duties with a more thorough equipment than hers. In the first place, she is a woman of charming presence and distinguished personal appearance. The home in which her girlhood was passed was one of great wealth and refinement, frequented by the most distinguished people of the time. Her education was of that thorough order which results in true cultivation, not in mere veneer. Endowed with a force and breadth of character almost masculine, she took control, when a mere girl, of her father's large business interests, when the emergency required a clear head and a prompt hand. But, maintaining always a fine womanliness, she is, to every one who has ever known her, a type of the best American womanhood.

Mrs. McKinley is no stranger to the White House. During the Administration of President Hayes she was perhaps the warmest friend of the sterling woman who then presided at State dinners, and amazed the world by her independence in barring wine from the White House table.

The attendance of Mrs. McKinley at the White House will, in all likelihood, not be uninterrupted, for she declares she can never have any home but Canton, and a considerable portion of her time will probably be passed there.

There is one feature of the life of the McKinleys, which the chroniclers of the campaign seem to have passed over, a chapter which, however, is an old though always a touching story to dwellers in Canton. The devotion of Major McKinley and his wife to each other is well known. In the cemetery on the outskirts of the town there is a small burial plot wherein are three little graves. It differs in no particular respect from others about it. The casual passerby would pay no especial heed to it. But there, many years ago, before fame came knocking at his door, William McKinley and his wife buried hope. The three little headstones mark the graves of their children, and every day, all the long years through, Mrs. McKinley has gone to the lonely graveyard and laid fresh flowers upon the mounds. When Major McKinley is in Canton they make the daily pilgrimage together. Since those graves were made there has dwelt in Mrs. McKinley's heart and been manifest in her life a great, womanly kindliness toward all the world, and a sweetness that can only come of sorrow.

A notable figure in the group of White House women, too, will be the venerable mother from whom, the physiognomists declare, the President-elect has inherited his strongest traits of face and character. Though now nearly ninety years of age, "Grandma McKinley," as all Canton knows her, rejoices in the hope that she may live to make the journey to Washington, and see her son take the oath of his distinguished office. "Grandma McKinley" is, for her years, a most striking personality, and the picture she will make, with her silver hair and time-furrowed face, sitting in the seat of honor in the White House, will be "worth going miles to see."

There is no more devoted daughter in the land than Miss Helen McKinley, sister of the President-elect. She devotes her life to the care of her mother, and the old lady can enter upon no undertaking without her attendance and aid. Miss McKinley, who was for several years a teacher, is a woman of great refinement, and of learning withal, but is to a singular degree retiring and averse to publicity. To her the newspaper fame which has come to the family—a fame which is too minute to consist with her ideas of what is comfortable—has been the disagreeable feature of her brother's elevation to the Presidency. Her personal appearance is in keeping with her nature. She is petite, precise, quiet and retiring to a degree, but to those who know her a most admirable and lovable woman.

In addition to the care and devotion which she lavishes upon her mother, Miss McKinley has had charge of the education of her niece, Miss Grace McKinley, the orphaned daughter of Major McKinley's brother James. This young lady, who is now in college at Mt. Holyoke, is destined to be one of the brightest and most particular stars among the White House women. Nature cast her in a liberal mould. She is tall, of magnificent figure, though she is only a girl of eighteen, and with a disposition and mind of the same fine order. She has superb carriage, and such a complexion as one reads about. In her face, and in her mental make-up as well, are plainly discernible the strong features with which Grandmother McKinley has endowed all her children and grandchildren. They say in Canton that she looks like the Major, though, instead of his dark complexion and hair, she has brown hair and blue eyes and is fair and rosy.

Her chum in Mt. Holyoke is her cousin, Miss Mary Barber, who will be another of the group of young people at the White House. In appearance Miss Barber is almost the exact opposite of her cousin. She is slight, dark and very pretty withal, and in manner as winsome a maid as you would meet in a day's journey.

The chums at Mt. Holyoke were also chums at Farmington, Conn., where they previously attended school, and the common sense education that is dealt out at Mt. Holyoke is only a continuation of the wise training that both girls enjoyed under the training of Miss Helen McKinley, who, by the way, was herself a Mt. Holyoke graduate. Miss Barber is the oldest daughter of Mrs. Marshall P. Barber, Mrs. McKinley's sister, who lives in the old Saxton homestead. There are two other girls in the family, and the wise people say the oldest of these will also be seen at the White House before the Administration is over.

A third bud of the McKinley branches who will blossom prominently in the White House social garden, is Miss Mabel McKinley, daughter of Abner McKinley, the Major's brother. She is living with her parents at the Windsor Hotel, in this city. They have recently returned from their Summer home, a beautiful place in the mountains of Somerset County, Pennsylvania. Miss Mabel is a comely girl, of engaging maners, and though barely eighteen, has given evidence of musical ability rare in amateurs so youthful.

Her mother, Mrs. Abner McKinley, was, before her marriage, very active and very well-known in educational circles in Ohio. A sister of Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Duncan, of Cleveland, has a charming daughter of eighteen, who will be among the bright young women of the White House.

Mrs. P. A. Schell, Mrs. Abner McKinley's sister, is also to be numbered in the circle of White House ladies.

There are in Canton several ladies, school girl friends of Mrs. McKinley, her intimacy with whom time has not in the least degree impaired, and who may be expected to appear often in the list of White House guests. Among these are Mrs. W. H. Day, Mrs. George B. Frease and Mrs. H. O. S. Heistand. Another charming woman, undoubtedly to be added to the White House set, is Mrs. James W. Boyle. Her husband, who has been with Major McKinley through his two terms as Governor of Ohio, will, unless all present signs and predictions go far astray, be the Lamont of the McKinley administration. In that case Mrs. Boyle is quite apt to figure largely in the affairs of the White House, where, all who know her aver, her graciousness, coupled with phenomenal tact and discretion, will make her presence a valuable boon to the mistress.

Mrs. McKinley has close personal friends in Mrs. M. A. Hanna and Mrs. M. T. Herrick, of Cleveland, who, as Miss Parmalee, of Dayton, was one of the reigning belles of the Buckeye State. During Major McKinley's service as Governor these ladies were prominent in all social affairs of the Executive.

There is one person of the male persuasion, too, who is destined to have much to do with the social arrangements of the White House. That is Mrs. McKinley's cousin, Sam Saxton, whom everybody in Canton knows and likes. He has the dignity of Webster, the grace of Chesterfield, and the affability of almost all the good fellows anybody knows. All through the campaign he was an indispensable attendant upon Major McKinley, and it is doubtful if any of all the people who helped make the campaign receptions pass off smoothly and with a minimum of wear and tear was of more service than this same young man. The President-elect has vast regard for young Saxton's social astuteness, and it is long odds that he will be seen much of before the four years are

over.

PURE AIR AT A MILE A MINUTE.

Hetty Green's Inventive Son Makes Railway Travel Cool and Dustless.

Artificial rainmaking and the creation of breezes while travelling at the rate of a mile a minute in a railway car constitute the latest triumph of inventive genius.

The man who has conceived the apparatus by means of which these remarkable results can be brought about is E. H. R. Green, the general manager of the Texas Midland Railroad. Mr. Green labors under the disadvantage so many people would believe, of being born with a silver spoon in his mouth, for he is the son of Hetty Green, the richest woman in America.

Mr. Green's clever idea made it possible for a person to travel on the warmest day of Summer without suffering in the least from those twin evils of railroad journeys—dust and heat. The practicability of the idea has been cleverly shown by thorough trial, and within the past week several cars equipped with the invention have been daily running on the Texas Midland Railroad. It has been believed that such a thing as constructing a practically dust-proof car was out of the question.

The modus operandi of Mr. Green's contrivance is simple, and the mechanism free from complications. Between the windows in the car is a ventilator, so arranged as to be directly, or almost directly, beside the passenger. This ventilator is covered with a screen of exceeding fineness, both inside and out, and there is an arrangement so constructed that at the will of the passenger a fine spray of water plays between the two screens. This water has, as its source, a supply contained in a tank, located beneath the car, and between the trucks. It is forced upward by means of compressed air.

It may readily be seen that the screen will prevent the entrance of cinders and like particles which have been both a menace and a discomfort to the traveller on the railway. At the same time, the water playing between the screens catches each particle of dust, washes it away, thus keeping the air as it enters the car as fresh and clean as that in the pine woods at break of day. The car will be, so far as air is concerned, in as good a condition when travelling through the Alkali Desert as when passing through a country which blossoms like the rose.

Each of the ventilators is three feet long, and remains open constantly. The spraying of the water the passenger is able to regulate. With this new idea in operation, it is wholly unnecessary to open the windows of the car at all, as the ventilators cause a constant change of air. As a matter of fact, the air in the car is rendered much purer by means of Mr. Green's invention than it would be if it found entrance through the windows.

As severe a test as it is possible to make was applied to a car equipped with the new invention a few days ago, and the result is surprising. Fully forty men took passage in this car on the trip. The windows were locked and the ventilators put in perfect o[illegible] The spray of water was turned on and the current moved steadily between the screens of each ventilator. Every passenger was a smoker and each one lit a cigar. The route over which the car ran was one of the dustiest sections of the road. The volume of cigar smoke was enormous. And yet by means of the ventilating apparatus and the sprays of water the air in the car remained agreeable from first to last.

The car equipped with the apparatus is a Pullman. At the bottom of the panels, between each window, is a small glass knob. The knob is sunk in the woodwork, so that it is not noticeable unless one looks for it. This it is that enables the traveller to have breezes at his pleasure. By slightly turning this knob the little doors, or deflectors, on the outside of the car are opened, and in the direction in which the car is going, just the reverse of the method observed in elevated railway trains, which prevents the cinders sifting into the car and at the same time permits ventilation.

Thus it will be seen that the air in plentiful quantity is admitted from the outside. On its admission it encounters the first screen. Then it must sift through the spray of water. After that comes another screen, and thus it is made plain that the air of necessity must be pure at the time it reaches the breathing apparatus of the thoroughly comfortable passenger. It might be thought that it would be a matter of difficulty to secure a sufficient supply of water, but as the only way in which that supply is reduced is by evaporation, the question of sufficient supply is not a difficult one.